

POETRY.

THE YANKEE BOATSWAIN'S SONG
TO THE AMERICAN SLAVE-NAVY.

Have away, my tight niggers, my jolly
brisk blacks—
Ain't there Tar in your very complexion?
Here's a hearty good last, boys, around, for
your backs.
You'll be wiser, I guess, for correction.
To your swabs and your Britishers patter
d'ys and.
Of Oppression and Wrong and all that,
Wares the true Yankee nigger who'd wish
to be free,
Or would make a wry face at the cat!

Don't you serve a Republic that's glorious
and great!
Don't it fly universal creation!
Ain't you wellop'd, you dogs! for the good
of the State—
The enlightened American nation!
Go ahead, then, like lightning, my sooty-
faced tars,
With "Yohol!" at the top of your pipes;
Stick like wax to your colors, the stripes and
the stars,
And give thanks to your stars for your
stripes.

BIDE YOUR TIME.

Bide your time! The morn'ning breaking,
Bright with Freedom's blessed ray—
Millions from their trance awaking,
Soon shall stand in stern array.
Man shall fatter man no longer,
Liberty shall march sublime:
Every moment makes you stronger—
Firm, unshrinking, bide your time.

Bide your time! One false step taken
Perish all you yet have done!
Undimmed—erect—unshaken,
Watch and wait, and all is won.
'Tis not by one rash endeavor
Men or States to greatness climb—
Would you win your rights forever,
Calm and thoughtful, bide your time!

Bide your time! Your worst transgression
Were to strike, and strike, in vain;
He whose arm would smite Oppression
Must not need to smite again!
Danger makes the brave man steady—
Rashness is the coward's crime—
Be for Freedom's battle ready,
When it comes—but, bide your time!

LIGHT FOR ALL.

BY J. GOSTIC.

You cannot pay with money
The million sons of toil—
The sailor on the ocean,
The peasant on the soil,
The laborer in the quarry,
The hewer of the coal;
Your money pays the hand,
But it cannot pay the soul.

You gaze on the cathedral,
Whose turrets meet the sky;
Remember the foundations
That in earth and darkness lie;
For, were not those foundations
So darkly resting there,
You towers could never soar up
So proudly in the air.

The workshop must be crowded
That the palace may be bright;
If the ploughman did not plough,
Then the poet could not write.
Then let every toil be hallowed
That man performs for man,
And have its share of honor,
As part of one great plan.

See, light darts down from heaven,
And enters where it may;
The eyes of all earth's people
Are cheered with one bright day,
And let the Mind's true sunshine
Be spread o'er earth as free,
And fill the souls of men,
As the waters fill the sea.

The man who turns the soil
Need not have an earthly mind;
The digger 'mid the coal
Need not be in spirit blind:
The mind can shed a light
On each worthy labor done,
As lowliest things are bright
In radiance of the sun.

The tiller, ay the cobbler,
May lift their heads as men—
Better far than Alexander,
Could he wake to life again,
And think of all his bloodshed,
(And all for nothing too!)
And ask himself—"What made I
As useful as a shoe?"

What cheers the musing student,
The poet, the divine?
The thought that for his followers
A brighter day will shine,
Let every human laborer
Enjoy the vision bright—
Let the thought that comes from hence
Be spread like heaven's own light!

Ye men who hold the pen,
Rise like a band inspired;
And, poets, let your lyrics
With hope for man be fired;
Till the earth becomes a temple,
And every human heart
Shall join in one great service,
Each happy in his part.

Each moment has its sickle, emulous
Of Time's enormous scythe, whose ample
sweep
Strikes empires from the root; each moment
plays
His little weapon in the narrow sphere
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cut down
The fairest bloom of sublimity bliss.—Young.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BEAUTIFUL SLAVE.

A gentleman of fortune has lately received a letter from his brother, who is President of one of the Mobile banks, who mentions among other matters relative to the present distressing times, some interesting incidents touching the sale of the effects of a late merchant of that city, a Mr. N.— This gentleman was possessed of a beautiful slave, about eighteen years old. At the North, she would have been taken for a brunette; being as unlike the French Creole as possible. Indeed, it was said that she had not a drop of French, and but precious little African blood in her veins. Nevertheless, she was a slave at the time of her master's failure, and as such, became the property of his creditors.— An individual, a broker to whom he owed some \$10,000, determined to possess himself of the girl, if possible, and it was likewise, the intention of the broken merchant to redeem her at all hazards. All the creditors, except the broker agreed that N— might retain his slave on giving a good endorsed twelve months' note for \$1500, with interest. He alone demanded the sale of the girl under the hammer, and the unfortunate merchant was compelled to submit.— Determining, however, to have some of his friends buy her for him. The day of sale having arrived, Mr. N— was under no apprehension but that he could retain his Martha for something less than \$2000, and he had made arrangements to meet that sum in full, and commissioned one of his friends to make the purchase for him. But what was his surprise and indignation to see his refractory creditor make the first bid \$2500! He was not thus to be balked, and his friend bid \$2600. The creditor, however, persisted in overbidding, until the beautiful Martha was struck off to him at \$4500!

It was utterly out of the power of the broken merchant to raise money even for the last bid he had made upon his Martha, had it succeeded in purchasing her, and his creditor would doubtless have still overtaken him, had he gone higher. He must, therefore, lose her or pay the full amount of \$10,000 debt, which it was impossible for him to do.— What was then to be done? Martha would never consent to part with her master. He had purchased her on his first arrival at the South, more than eight years ago, at her own request, she then living about twenty miles from Mobile. He had given her every advantage of education, and brought her up as tenderly as though she were his own daughter; and now she would sooner part with life itself than become a slave.

Her feelings, on learning her situation, (for N— had carefully concealed the announcement of the sale from her,) were probably similar to those which the proud daughter of any citizen would experience in like predicament; for the fact of her being a slave was known to but few in Mobile. She therefore sent word to her purchaser, that she would never leave her present abode alive. In answer to this message, he sent two officers to take her into custody. Meantime, Mr. N— had encouraged her that she should certainly escape her doom, and embark for New York, whither he would join her in a short time, never again to return, and he would there marry her.

Martha was shortly after this, placed in the common jail at Mobile as a stubborn servant; but, fortunately the keeper interested himself in her behalf, and she enjoyed equal comforts to those of her master's house. Just ten days after this, Martha signified her consent to leave the prison, and take up her abode with her new master the heartless creditor of N—. With pleasure and surprise she was liberated by the purchaser, who appropriated a handsome apartment in his house for her use. The same night she started for Savannah per express, unknown to any one save the faithful N—. One thousand dollars reward was immediately offered for her apprehension, and the detection of those who aided in her escape; and on the fifth day the reward was doubled—messengers also having been sent to New Orleans, and in several other directions. A fortnight passed, and no tidings of the beautiful slave Martha.— Every one suspected, though no one could prove that her former master had aided in her escape. Mr. N— had now nearly arranged his affairs, and was about to leave Mobile. His stubborn creditor had tried, by every means in his power, to procure an indictment against him, but without success; when, on the evening before N's departure, his friend, at his desire, called upon the creditor, to endeavor, if possible, to purchase a release of the title of Martha. "No," replied the broker, "I would sooner spend \$10,000 than be tricked by the infernal Yankee!"

N— took his leave, depositing \$800 with his friend, which was all the spare money he had, and instructing him to purchase with it the freedom of Martha, if possible. Within one month from the time N— left Mobile, the extensive house of R. M. & Brothers, cotton brokers, stopped payment; and in due time the sale of their personal property devolved upon an auctioneer. Among the living chattels disposed of, the title to the beautiful slave Martha, then absent, but who cost \$4500, was struck off to a friend of N. for \$62!

This narrative is no fiction—the writer of the letter first mentioned being the identical purchaser of the slave Martha. His immediate object in writing to the gentleman who furnished us with the above, was to ascertain the whereabouts of his friend N—, as he had been unable to hear from him since his important purchase, though he had immediately written to New York, acquainting him with it. We have been promised an introduction to the heroine of this narrative, and her now happy husband.

CONTEMPTIBLE.—It is said that a young colored man, who was desirous of preparing himself for usefulness in Haiti, recently made application for admission to Brown University; but was refused, on the ground that a few southern students in consequence would leave the institution. We should like to hear President Wayland discuss the "moral philosophy" of this case.—*Hampshire Herald.*

THE LAST CIGAR.

Tobacco! 'tis a filthy weed,
It drains the pocket, soots the clothes,
And makes a chimney of the nose.

The story which I am about to relate is one in which I have a double object. The first, to prove to you the folly of the expensive, useless and injurious practice of using tobacco. The second, to induce you by relating my sad experience—though not eighteen years of age—to quit, if any of you have fallen a victim to a habit, that once formed, can only be broken by the strongest perseverance and most rigid self-denial. When you read the story, you have the satisfaction, if satisfaction it be, of knowing it is true.

It was a cold, rainy evening in the month of March, as I was hurrying up Broadway, (New York) with my eyes intently fixed upon a brilliant light gleaming from the window of a not far distant cigar shop, that I was accosted by a poor but neatly clad girl, about nine years old, who asked in a pitiful but commanding tone for "some bread."

I had been often called upon by unworthy looking persons for aid, and had as often turned a deaf ear to their wants—excusing myself by saying, "there are so many unworthy ones calling upon our charity, we know not upon whom we bestow our gifts."

But I could not think so in the case of this little girl. She stood with her bare feet on the cold wet pavement; her dress—as I could see from the light streaming from the shop window—though somewhat the "worse for wear" was clean; and her whole person displayed that unassuming, natural appearance uncharacteristic of that unfortunate class of which she was a member.

Desirous of knowing more of her history, I commenced a conversation by asking her which she would rather have, bread or money?

She looked at me hesitatingly and said, "Sir, I want bread—I have a sick mother and two small sisters."

Here she stopped, choked with emotion, and the tears came to her eyes.

"Have you no father?" said I.

"I have," she said unhesitatingly, "but he drinks; he does not live at home."

The story was told—I was satisfied. I put my hand into my pocket, but alas! a solitary sixpence was its occupant. I hesitated, and thought of the expected luxury of the cigar store. I thought too, that the sixpence would get a loaf of bread, and thus ameliorate the wants of a suffering family; but the strong propensity of a still stronger cigar, got the better of my good intention, and I told her, "I was sorry, but I had no money to spare; if I had I would willingly give it to her."

She left me with a look of sadness, and I turned my eyes from her disgusted with my own act, and pursued my way to the cigar shop. I would have directed her to my home but, the distance rendered it impracticable. I purchased my cigar and went home smoking; but I could not help thinking of the poor little girl. Strange thoughts ran through my mind.— I would ask myself from which I could derive the most pleasure, seeing myself making use of an unnatural substance, tobacco, or in seeing the suffering poor use the natural stuff of life, bread! Then I would wonder if the little girl met with any more liberal than myself—hoping that she did. I finally reached my home and as I entered the room the clock struck nine.

The family had retired; I took a seat near the fire and sat in a quiet mood while the smoke ascended from my lighted cigar. The only noise that disturbed my ears was the ticking of the clock and the occasional snapping of the half burning embers in the fire.— The lamp had grown dim for the want of retinning.

Thus I sat, half inclined to sleep, till I knew fire had reached that part of my cigar that was wet, by the continued hissing it occasioned. I looked up, the room was blue with smoke; I cast my eyes upon the clock—it was half past nine, another half hour had gone—gone forever! And what have I accomplished! This started a new train of ideas. I laid my cigar on the table, took from my pocket a pencil, and made the following notes and calculations:

Commenced smoking when nine years old, (through the influence of other boys—under the mistaken idea of making a man of myself,) at the age of ten I could smoke the strongest cigar without feeling that sickness it first produced, and at the early age of eleven, I found myself an confirmed votary to that odious, vicious habit of smoking!

From eleven years to my present age (seventeen years and four months) I know two cigars a day would be a moderate estimate—many was the day for the last two years that six would not excuse me.

Counting two a day from my eleventh year, and including all that I had smoked the two years previous, it amounts to four thousand six hundred and twenty cigars.

Allowing each cigar to be, on an average, three and a half inches in length, would be one thousand three hundred and forty-nine feet and two inches of an emetic that I consumed, which, had I swallowed a piece the size of a pin, would have thrown me into horrid convulsions.

Each cigar cost me at least one cent, and some cost more; this would amount to forty-six dollars and twenty cents with interest.

I never smoked a cigar in less than half an hour—and never did anything else while smoking.

My time was worth at a moderate estimate, three cents an hour. This would amount to sixty-nine dollars and thirty-one cents.

When I looked over the result, and found that I had spent ninety-five dollars and fifty cents; took 3 months in consuming that which destroyed my nervous system, and all at the age of seventeen—and when I thought how many loaves of bread the money would have bought that I had worse than wasted, and how much useful learning I might have acquired in these three months, I took my cigar from the table and threw it into the fire—and accompanied with a solemn affirmation—but as I did it, the words involuntarily flowed from my heart—"I AM RESOLVED—THIS MY LAST CIGAR!"

"A MONSTROUS ORGANY.—The new organ to be built for Trinity Church, in New York, was built by Mr. Erber, and is the largest in this country. It is said to weigh more than forty tons. It contains two thousand one hundred and sixty-nine pipes divided among forty-three draw stops, eleven of which are diapasons. The large metal pipes which are diapasons, are five feet in circumference, and twenty eight feet long. The case is of oak, in a rich Gothic pattern, likewise designed by Mr. Erber. The cost is \$10,000. The church, it is said, will cost more than half a million. The Episcopal Association who erected this expensive structure have principally revenues from real estate of immense value."

READER.—Think of the humble Nazarene traveling from place to place, preaching the gospel of peace, healing the sick, instructing the ignorant, spending his life among the poor and needy. Hear of all things, yet without a home! Son of Him to whom belongs the world and the fulness thereof, yet renouncing all earthly treasures and glory, and saying, "they are not up to treasures on earth!" See him at Jacob's well asking of a wicked woman, a cup of cold water, to quench the thirst, and offering her in return, the water of eternal life, and permitting her to be the first to proclaim his appearance to her countrymen.

See him eating with poor publicans and sinners, or plucking corn with his own hands from the field of God. Again see him with a little company of humble fishermen by the sea shore, worshipping God—glorifying His Father by his acts of kindness and mercy to his suffering brethren. See him again upon the mountains, with the multitudes around him, and hear the divine language fall from his lips, and distilling on the needy Spirit, like the dew of Heaven, on the mountains of the Lord, "Blessed are the poor in spirit!" "Blessed are the meek!" "Blessed are the merciful!" "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake!" Follow that lowly yet divine One through all his life and observe what a distance he ever was from the pride and splendor, the pomp and glory of this world.

Then go thou, into the notoriously wicked city of New York. See the priest of this TRINITY Church step from the door of his splendid mansion and ascend the carpeted steps of his splendid carriage, dressed in splendor. Let us follow him. See, there stands a group of poor ignorant and vicious mortals that need instruction. Will not the priest notice them? The Master would. Surely he will give them a few simple precepts. No, there he goes. He does not see them! But there! Beyond him is a poor widow, who has left her four sick, starving children in her dark, damp, smoky and stinking cellar and crawled forth to beg! "Hark! she calls upon him, mercy! mercy! good man! one farthing! only one farthing to obtain a crumb of bread for—the words die on her lips, he heeds her not he is going to Trinity Church to preach the Gospel! Now let's follow: see, he has arrived—the servant opens the door of his splendid carriage—turns down the carpeted steps—and the proud, haughty, anti-christian priest alights—enters the temple of robbery and oppression, lying, and swearing, and touching his hands to their robes, robes of gold, and robes which have robbed God of his best and best. His children of their birthright, and ground them to the earth, to obtain treasures to build and furnish the costly temple, squandering the tools of poor laborers on their lusts. See the usholy man attempt to obtain a crumb of bread for—the words die on her lips, he heeds her not he is going to Trinity Church to preach the Gospel! 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